



The Road

If I use my hands
to shape strands of honour
into the sights and sounds
of woven bindings,
extend these threads beyond
the limit of my vision,
the earth slips,
then falls away.

You cannot hold me now.
There is cool rhythm
in the pulsing grey
of burning rubber
on endless pavement,
and smoky stories
to be whispered later
in multiples of two.

S. ANN BECK